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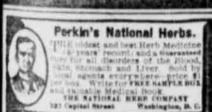
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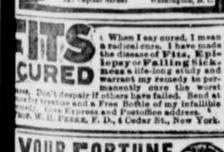
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## IN THE SHADOW OF SHAME

By Fitzgerald Molloy

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Sympass of Preceding Chapters Office Dumbarton, after the legal separations of brotal ingulant, becomes a successful antion hond, st. John's Wood, Lendon. Her him secretly returns to Lamdon and ty letter under secretly returns to Lamdon and ty letter under set demands for money. Her county Valerton white, a man of independent went! who has to have with her since easy tunish, calls to say veit befrow starting on a trip to Eayof. A four later Office Importanton is bested in her invary og a dagger ever the dead body of for humband, is anywated and hold for trial, and detentives are the entire to the fine case. George Instruct, the publisher, and the factor are never interest to the increasing, and the fetter is seathered by Important have in Merca, an italian windom, swears a framework on the later in Merca, in the later in the fetter is seathered by Important that the research of the fetter is seathered by Important and the fetter is seathered by Important and the fetter is seathered by Important and the fetter is seathered by Important of the first that the fetter is the first finder. In the first the sent that the sent that the sent the first things of the first things that the sent the sent place is the first things of the sent the first things of the sent the first things the first which he is the number of the sent the first things the first which he is the number of the sent the first things the first when is the number of the sent things the first which he is the number of the sent the first things the first things the first things the sent the first things the sent things the sent things the sent the sent the sent the sent things the sent things the sent t

On regaining the consciousness which ser consin's words had could her to se, Olive Dumbarton's distress wa pitiful to witness.

One thing alone served after awhile Since then I have to rouse her thoughts and stir her energies. The man who loved her must not be allowed to lie under the imputation of a crime, to which she felt sure be had falsely confes d. He must learn while yet there was time that she woolnot accept this sacrifice of him; or, is ndeed, tune was already a thing of the past for how, then his ment by most h feared, his innocence vimilicated before the world, and the less delay there was de in the coderrabine such a mission more resultly might it be effected.

Mackworth was the man who her uld help her in this task, which she oresaw would be difficult . - accomplish: or if the effort to proce her own blame seners had hitherto been mesuccessful ow much more impossible might it be establish the innocence of one who al confessed to guilt. However, an effort in this direction

nst certainly be made, and accordingly sent for the impector. Her action fackworth was announced she rose liave you heard any news since-

ard nothing since"

'Is there no hope?" I fear not "

She sat down and pointed to a chair near her, which he took, and then, when had cleared the tears from her eyes and braced horself, she began, in a nerv us, agitated manner:

"There's been a great mistake-of that "How?" Mackworth asked his mobile

face assuming an air of surprise, "In Mr. Boytock's confessing to a crime of which he never was guilty. "Not guilty!" exclaimed the inspector, still more amazed.

"I am certain he is innocent," she re pited harriedly. "But what proof have you, madam?"

"I have no ah dute proof"
Mackworth looked at her eager. flushed face, with its earnest, pitiful ex-

pression. "I have none," she repeated, aware of the little impression she made on him and desperately anxious he should be lieve her. "But I feel confident he, wh is one of the kindest, the most honor able of men, would never commit such a crime. Knowing his life is drawing to an end, he has made this confession to save me. That is all. He is inno

"Then," asked Mackworth, as his eye met here in a steady, scarching stare, "i he is innocent, who is guilty

She read the thought which flashed across his mind the thought which scared and made her tremble "I cannot say," she replied hurriedly,

"but I know he is not "May I ask, madam, how you know! "My heart tells me, my woman's insight assures me he is not," she an-

swered, realizing how important was her argument. "Such sings will weigh hardly against

PY ECHARD-

the operation.

of the struggle.

"None whatever."

by the possibility of the patient's re-

Left alone, George Bostock must in

Il human probability die in a few days;

his operation would either hasten that

leath or prolong his life. The question

as to whether it would be wise that his

ife should be saved, now that by hi

confession he had endangered its liberty

or limited its duration was not one int

which the surgeon stered. It was his

duty to ignore the problem and if pos-

The pride he justly felt in the skilled

practice of a great science urged him forward to a trial of the experiment,

and eventually he decided to undertake

Therefore, early in the morning Sir

Pugin Tate once more stood beside

George Bostock, who was quite uncon-

scious, the loss of power in his left side

complete, his temperature reaching to

one hundred and seven, his pulse to sev-

amine the wound in all its bearings, a

moulded face. Then bracing himself, he

prepared to wage war with death for the

ife of one who must remain unconscious

An hour later be left the hospital, sat-

ished with the work he lad so skilfully

performed, though as yet unable to

gauge its results. Farly in the after-noon he was back again by the bedside

of the publisher, in whom there was

"His temperature has become normal,

"I expect he will before to-morrow,"

outwardly little apparent change.

enty. And again did the surgeon ca

sible to save his patient from death.

As he approached the lamp-light, Quintan saw that he looked pale and troubled.

What deed of his could make reparation

for the wrong he h I done her? He

paused in his walk and leaned against

wall for support, dazed and weary, all

indignation, all hate having burned them-

elves out of his heart, which was now

And for long he r ained there lost

in thought, the past, vith all the pleas-

ires he had know in association with

years; the future, with all its uncer-

tainty, humiliation, pain and terror, ris-

air striking through im brought him

o consciousness of the present. One

without delay; he would seek the

man he had grievously insulted, assure

forward, but the road in which he found

himself was unfamiliar, and having with

some trouble discovered its name, he

knew not in which di. ction it led, or to

where he should turn in search of his

Resolutely he set out, looking for

ome familiar landmark until, eventually

coming in sight of a church, he recog-

nized his bearings and made straight for

the Hexton road. Throughout his walk

his determination to seek Olive Dum-

barton's pardon never wavered until com-

ng within sight of her house, when the

or a visit struck him. He looked at

his watch and saw it was long past mid-

night. For all that, he went to the gar-

He

had expected, that it was locked.

With thi intention he set

full of remorse and pity.

ing before him.

aused her.

his own cor fession." She saw the force of his words, and knowing she had no reason to comba

it, her misery increased, the while h watched her silently new suggestions arising in his mind. Presently she burst; "Why not continue your lavestiga-

tions as if he had never made this con-"Because his confession has justified

and brought my investigations to an end "I don't understand," she answered,

fear chilling her blood, "Because, madam, I have suspected and been watching him for some time,

Mackworth said. "Suspected him - impossible!" she

cried out. I assure you it is true."

"On what grounds?" "Those which I thought sufficient; I cannot now enter into details," he replied, anxious to spare her feelings b withholding from her the motive which

he considered led Bostock to the crime.
"I am sure that one day you will find that you are wrong," she said, her anxiety visible in her eyes. But is there nothing that can be done meanwhilenothing that will disprove his stateresolute expression in his massively

ments? "Nothing," answered Mackworth, as he rose to leave, "nothing."

She did not seek to prolong an interview which had not only grievously disappointed her, but filled her with de-

"Nothing?" she repeated, and then idded, in a voice so low and broken that the words seemed spoken to herself rather than addressed to her hearer:

Pugin, however, was hopeful. "God will protect the innocent." Mackworth bowed and softly quitted he remarked to the house sur on. "Yes; it went down quickly." the room, leaving her more hopelessly crushed by sorrow than when he had "Has he shown any signs of con-sciousness in my absence?" entered. But on regaining his home and enjoying the welcome of Shawn, and the warmth of his fire, at which he held his feet by turns before making said Sir Pugin. "I will come again and windows of the house, which were all in himself ready for supper, the questions which had persistently presented them- see him to-night. Have him carefully darkness,

selves during his drive from St. John's Wood again came before him. How was it that the man and woman the best knew George Bostock doubted is confession of murder?

If he were not guilty of the crime, who

ain of his innocence on such insufficient The voice of his housekeeper and

nouncing that suppor was ready interupted his thoughts. Before taking off is great cout be dived his hands into tis pockets and drew out the gloves he and taken by mistake. He looked at em carefully, admiring their color and their daintiness before placing them or the chimney-piece, where, being in sight, would not forget to return them.

"I will take them to Mr. Galbraith to norrow morning." Mackworth said as, with Shawn at his heels, he left the

CHAPTER XXII.

lession George Bostock continued un-

rom the sofa where she had lain since to compression of the brain by a clot "I have heard of Mr Bostock's dan site of the removed bone and extended

great surgeon was able to assure himis operation had been beyond all doubt After leaving his cousin's house on

her husband's murder, Valerius had valked about the neighborhood heedless f where he went, so long as he avoided rowds and traffic, his mind in a state f fierce rebellion against the woman whose presence he had quitted, against All the affection Valerius had felt for

her throughout his life turned to bitterness at the avowal she had made the dislike he had ever entertained to denied to him was freely given to one, who, by comparison, was a stranger. With a rapid pace he traversed wind-

ing roads and long avenues, now almost

deserted, dead leaves from the rapidly baring branches fluttering in his face, the sharp ring of his footsteps on the frosty paths audible at long distances, his thoughts in wild disorder his face distorted by passion, his feelings outraged, jealousy stinging him to madness Not until a couple of hours had During the night following his con- passed did he, without becoming conscious of the fact, slacken his pace onscious of the world around him through sheer weariness, and his emo-Throughout the leng and breadth of tions having meanwhile reached their onder his name, associated always highest nitch of fury, now began to sub- the night Dumbarton was killed; that is with the crime of which he had de-clared himself guilty, was being read had recently played, his thoughts comand repeated, as it would be read and ing to the subject casually and flittingly repeated next day and for many days to at first, afterward with steady persist come, throughout Great Britain and ency that was all the more welcome, be-wherever news had bready traveled of cause it served to inflict upon him fresh the mysterious murder of David Dum- pain, more acute than he had yet felt The involence, the hitterness, the cru-

Now, on the morning succeeding his city of his words stood out before him confession, George Bostock was once in their true colors, and he reviewed nore visited by Sir Pugin Tate, who and realized the cowardice, the inhuand been much interested from the first manity, the injustice of his bearing to in his patient. Since he had last seen ward her he had eve loved, whom he the publisher the famous surgeon had loved now more than ever. And as he pondered over the case, when it occurred viewed his conduct in this light, his connt her temporary strength, and when to him that the 'angerous symptoms tempt and loathing for himself were which had unexpectedly set in were due only equalled by his compassion and affection for her.

To strike her down ith such a weapon as he had used, such a time as er," she said feverishly. "How is be- beneath the skull for some way. The he had sought, was to have behaved as ave you heard any news since- removal of this clot, which doubtless a despicable secondirel, as an unmanly

With mingled feelings of relief and re-And when the next day came the gret he saw that the moment of the meet-reat surgeon was able to assure him-ing must be postponed; but he was in must hey been durin the war, hey?" elf that his hopes were realized, that no hurry to quit the spot, faticue from his excitement set in upon him, and he Lock in our company. We all stoppe he evening when, overcome by jealous rested there against the wall which faced at the next house an' got a drink of ary, he had insimuated that her love the house, satisfied to wait until chance well water—remember it just like yes or George Bostock was responsible for should send in his way a passing cab terday. Billy, he were killed at the last that would drive him home.

And as he lingered there, his thoughts full of Olive Dumbarton, the chill which follows on inaction after exercise struck him again, the more readily that he was clad in evening the man for whom she had confessed dress, whereupon he wrapped the her love. around his chest and throat. Then, feeling more comfortable, he fell into a reverie, from which he was eventually aroused by a hand being pressed upon ward Bostock had deepened to hate. For his right arm, when, recovering himself the publisher had succeeded in gaining with a start, he gazed at the man before. what he, Valerius, had from boyhood and recognized the anxious, frightened sought in vain to win. That she had face of Ouinton Quave.

"It's you, Mr. Galbraith," he said, in almost breathless wonder.

Valerius, waking from his reverie, returned his gaze, and in a quiet voice like that of one not yet aroused from sleep, replied, "Yes, it is I."

Quinton withdrew a sten, not knowing what to say or how to explain his conduct; then, without pausing to consider his words, he remarked: "I was quite startled at first by see-

ing you here." Indeed. May I ask why?" Valerius coolly asked.

"Well, I could have sworn, and yet could swear, it was you I saw here on if I didn't know you were then in Paris, "That shows how readily you might be mistaken, and how easily you could bear false witness," answered Valerius,

in the same deadly calm and emphatic

manner he had assumed from the first. "I suppose it does; and yet-"Well?" Galbraith said, as Quinton

hesitated and stared. "The likeness between you and him seems remarkable." "Yet you see how you have blun-

"Of course," replied Ouinton, but his

"Why you see me here to-night," Va-

lerius explained, "is because I am anxious about my cousin. When I brought her news of Bostock's confession she naturally received a great shock, from which she had not recovered before I removal at this clot, which doubtless a despicable scoundrel, as an unmanly which she had not recovered before I had set into a stiff mass and adhered to wretch. What words of his could now left. When I was able I returned to Since his confession?" the inspector surrounding structures, would prove a take from her the pain he had inflicted, make inquiries, and found, as it was said, supplying the word she found it delicate and critical operation, not with-which must rankle in her mind and poi-difficult to employ. "No, madam; I have out immediate danger, but yet attended son her peace for many a day to come?" In darkness. I therefore remaine: here a few minutes to make sure all was quite

"I see," replied Quinton, who had as yet been unable to overcome his amazement or to recover from his sense of mystery with which this meeting inspired

If Valerius saw this his behavior betrayed no sign of his perception. Judging from his manner, there was nothing more unusual in this encounter than if it had happened at midday instead of midnight and been the result of expectation instead of the cause of surprise. "And now," he said, "that I have sat-

isfied myself no grounds for uncasiness exist, I will go; I dare say I shall find a cab as I walk homeward."

He had moved forward as he spoke, and as he approached the lamplight Quinton saw that he looked pale and troubled. And when they had said "good-night" and parted, Quinton, standing at the entrance to the garden fronting his father's house, watched Valerius as his figure disappeared down the road and into the darkness, a puzzled look upon the young man's face, perplexing thoughts rising in his mind, a sense of something ominous chilling his blood. (To be continued.)

## A Chronicle of the Rear Guard.

By LEO CRANE. (Copyrighted.)

The old man, bent and showing

plainly the touch of age in his dragging tep, plodded along contentedly, tapping the staff upon the crisp and hardened earth, and occasionally resting in the ence corners to view the stretches of, hilly country. Upon a distant rise a line of shadowy trees were gauntly houetted against the steely blue of the fall sky, their branches an endless tangle of black and rustling arms. Here and there a blotch of vivid crimson shone in the painted glare of the evening sun, a token that the sacrifice of browned leaves to the failing year had not yet ceased. They crisply crackled in the chilling breath of the coming night wind. In the dim distance a thin wreath of smoke whirled lazily and disappeared, showing where a forest fire smouldered, and adding a bleak touch to the drawing of early winter.

her, thronged back from unforgotten A flock of dirty sheep huddled together in the half twilight of the lonely A few straggled alone, now A sudden chill from the bitter night rustling knee deep in leafy billows of russet red and gold, now trampling down the last patch of bright-hued flow hing at least he resolved must be done ers in a desert wasts of their dried fel lows. A boy, young, tousle-haired and tattered, followed at their heels, whisther his words were not the cutcome of ling and waving a gnarled stick vigorconviction, but of passion, and beg of ously, now calling in a fresh and shrilly voice at the laggards. her to forgive him the rain he had

"How are ye, sonny?" greeted the old man kindly. "Pretty well, sir, I thank ye," returned the boy.

"Likely lot o' sheep," ventured the man, plodding in step with the boy and urging on a stubborn animal.
"Middlin' fair," acquiesced the boy glancing at him curiously.

one that belongs to me," he said proudly, "that young one. Pap giv him to me last year. His name's Dan, same's This information was given with an

lateness of the hour and its unsuitability to notice the effect. There was a brief silence. "Ye ain't from these parts," stated the boy, half inquiringly.

"No-ain't been here fur nigh forty den gate, and, pushing it, found, as he year. Long time that. \* \* Don't s'pose ye remember back that far, then stepped across to the other side of sonny? Last time I was here I got a the road, that he might see the upper drink of water from the well just around the bend. Live at the house, sonny?"

"Why, ye mean Jim Potter's. He's

"Yes," acknowledged the man, "that his long walk, weariness from the con- was durin' the war. There was Billy flict of his thoughts and the . .ction of Martin an' Sam Woodward an' Jim Wilderness fight; Sam Woodward, he pegged out at Richmond, an' Lock, lemme see-Lock finished at Beaver Dam Creek. All gone, them fellers-

all gone." "What were ye asked the boy, look ing at him suspiciously through half closed eyes. "What were ye?"

"Johnny Reb," said the man quietly "S'pose I'm one of the rearguard now. . Yes, they're most all gone. My company's all gone but me"

"Say, you come home with me an' git that drink o' well water. Pap'll be glad to see ye, and 'sides, if I do say it m'self, he's a greebler man than Jim Potter, and 'sides, the water's better."

"No. \* \* Guess I'd better stop at Potter's fur the water. Stopped there last time, ye know. Me an' Billy Martin an' Sam Woodward an'an'-who's that other feller I said a minute ago? Lock. \* \* Yes, me an' Jim Lock,"
"Say," said the bov, in a voice of awe

'did ye do any fightin' 'round here?' "Well, now, sir, I certainly think we did. Why, along this yer road was nothin' but dead an' dyin' men. That 'ere ditch was full of 'em, and that 'ere hillside, why. I tell ye, sir, they were as

"My!" exclaimed the wondering boy 'Pap never told me bout that."

They stopped at Potter's and waited until the old man drained his tin of well water. He mouthed it, and tasted it various ways, and then, holding the cup in hand, thought about it. Then they trudged after the sheep, picking up one here and there and calling at them harshly.

"Taste the same?" asked the boy. "Much the same"-then, with a dry laugh-"long time between drinks. Forty year-considerable time."

The peaked roof of a tumble-down voice failed to express the conviction of house loomed up at an angle of the road, a place as old as the countryside

and not half as fresh.
"Where's pap?" bawled the boy to smaller urchin playing in the dirt. "Ain't come home from the cuttin yet," replied the other.

"Won't ye come in?" Le invited the "Think I'll walk a piece up the hillside there. That's where we had our last stand. Old Simpson's bat-

tery held it and nigh on to four hun-Want to go 'long?" dred men killed up. "Course," said the boy. "Course," said the boy.

"Ye see," said the man, waving his cane in an explaining sweep over the country, "all this yer section were full by the method and his offer the country, "all this yer section were full by the method and his offer the country, "all this yer section were full by the method and his offer the country, "all this yer section were full by the country," and the boy. of Rebs and Yanks, but mostly Yanks. We came up this yer road, and in the first day's fightin' took that 'ere hill the boy, astonished the

and held it all the second day. Mac ered another won held the other road an' rushed troops up fast, an' took that other hill from Larkins' men, an' drove 'em straight across the open, killin' 'em like so many sheep. Then on the second day Mac sent nigh a whole brigade through that last field, an' deployed 'em along-

"What's deployed?" interrupted the boy sharply. "Sorter scatterin' 'em," explawarrior.

"Oh!" ejaculated the boy, satisfied. "Then old Larkins, who was in command of us, but who wasn't fit to command a lot of sutlers, he says we'd hev' to drive 'em back on their side of the country, an' down we goes, the hull of us. An' after we went down, we fought like cats for 'bout an hour, an' then crawled back badly crippled. I tell you, sir, we lost 'bout hundred an' fifty right at that 'ere stream. We had bit off considerable more'n we could chaw." "What did ye do then?" queried the boy, anxiously.

"Mac, he thought it his turn to play the fool then, an' ordered forward a brigade or two, and up they came at us. We shotted 'em with grape and tore holes in 'em that you could drive a cart through. Next day we fell back a piece, an' the next day we licked 'em the worst of the war, at Cold Harbor." Slowly they climbed the long hill, the

boy listening with great interest to the rambling tale of nothing at all, the old man gasping in his effort to keep pace with his little companion, planting his cane in the scrub and slip .ing over dried grass and roots. The smell of smouldering wood blew down upon them from the crest, and the shadows of the forest's black archways grew more and more somber at their approach. A wild bird called plaintively, and something rustled from their path and skurried away in the brush.

They crossed the summit and came out again into the twilight of the other slope. Two men were busily chopping at a tall pine, the strokes of the blades sounding harsh in the stillness and the echoes roaming over the country. "Pap," called the boy, "yer's a man

wot fought with Bobby Lee.' The grizzled chopper greeted the veteran with eagerness.

"Yessir," half choked the old one from his efforts; "yessir, right on this hillside we fought." "We'll hev' this one down in the next two minutes, an' if ye'll wait we'll talk

it all over after supper The old man and the boy sat down on a ragged piece of rock and watched the workers.

"Was this rock here forty years ago?" asked the boy. "No doubt, sonny, no doubt."

"Don't ye know for sire?" questioned the boy pointedly,

"Wasn't thinkin' of rocks then, sonny We was fightin' an' fightin' hard. Hadn't had anythin' to eat for two days, an' the hull Union army a-comin' up. Wasn't no time ur lookin' up rocks then. Right down in that little glade air of quiet importance and a shy glance was where I first saw Bobby Lee, an I heard him tell Larkins, said he, must hold 'em back fur half an hour. sure, says he. 'D-n 'err, we'll ho' 'em back,' says Larkins, an' we did, an' held nigh on four hundred back so hard they never moved away."

"Ye heard Bobby Lee say that?" said

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well—and bring you back to he of living!

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ment is yours, at my no papers nothing and good faith. DR. JAMES

which this great old "Yessir, I heard ol them very words." The man nodded h "Gee!" whispered a tone of half moor

his seat on the stone ter view of the man Bobby Lee speak we "Pap often told me but pap never heard

This man had hear this man had heard I man was, therefore, the ordinary, a wo That was forty y the man softly; "

were unthought of, are ye? Ten? Thir were born. Place same then; no doubt same after ye're forgo The thought, express ter-of-fact style, made It was the first time things remaining after it really was the first time things remaining after it really was the first time. ture had occurred to

fully appreciate its i The steady chop of t cut the thread of Occasionally it had cr as if in protest. N nously and tottered, s "Look out!" ye

Over it bent, far with a loud, swist with a crash. A sh "Many a man fell the same fashion, didn't make so much the old fellow. "Look here, ole

asked the man who

"Well, by all," said excited tone, "that's a it's been there since the "No!" exclaimed the "Forty year," whispe "Chop it out," said

felling.

They picked it from examined it closely, into the jagged search of anythin war. "It's a Union

as cones roundm it ain't gone of's The old marks ward and tosses the the smouldering fire yards away. The ac child, and he waited the result. A blin upward, and the hi rending, stupefying thoking smoke floate "What a fool tr

woodchopper, half in boy? Hurt ye, Sam They ran to the the ground.

"It waited fur gasped painfully. "I fur me. They all sai but I knew better. tion, an' the reargu

Mac's a-rushin' uo Lee'll make 'em thir over there with Lark D-n 'cm, we'll h His head went be ground.

"The rearguard hi